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HE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

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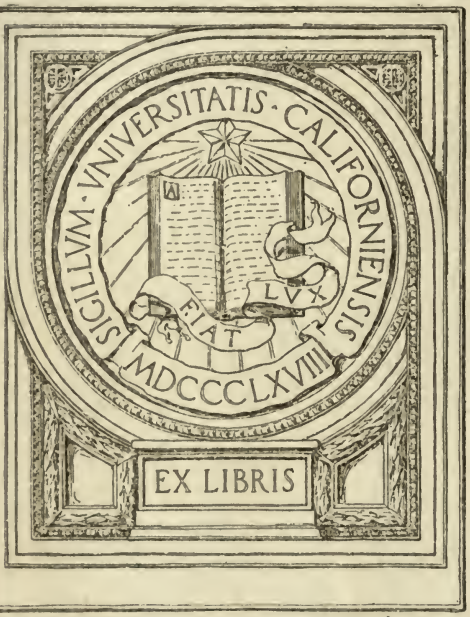

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With compliments of the author

Thos H. Kennedy.

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THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

A SATIRE ON NATIONAL EVILS

BY

THOMAS H. KENNEDY.

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1035 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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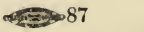

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PREFACE

It is common to hear blindly optimistic citizens prate about the glory of our nation and the nobility of its race, but calm reflection on evident facts might diminish their patriotic enthusiasm and modify their views.

Could Washington return today, he would find a nation much different from the fair ideal conceived by himself and the patriots of his time. They believed in "government by the people," not by predatory trusts and corporations upheld by court injunctions and legal jugglery, ever working to the disadvantage of the poor.

Considering daily reports in the press, of political, legislative, and official corruption, together with judicial suppression of Constitutional rights and free speech, wanton military murders, like the Ludlow horrors, San Diego's cowardly vigilante outrages, barbarous white slavery, fiendish lynchings of untried and often innocent Negroes, etc.; it seems that instead of sending missionaries to convert the swarthy natives of distant lands, their time might be better employed in trying to improve the white savages in our own. Time, however, cures all ills, and, notwithstanding besetting evils, our Ship of State is still afloat and our starry flag waves over one of the best countries on earth.

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

I sat alone before the glowing grate,
A storm was raging and the hour was late.
The thunder rumbled and the wind was shrill,
With splashing rain on window-glass and sill.
Beside the mantel in the ruddy light
A Hero's Bust. A bust of Washington was shining bright.
Musing I gazed upon the sculptured face,
Calm and serene with finely chiseled grace;
Thought of our nation's birth, his valor done,
Of Freedom's battles and of glory won.
While musing thus, my pensive fancy cast
A vivid vision of our country's past.
I saw Columbia as she was of yore
When foemen gathered on her wooded shore;
Beheld our rugged patriots fly to arm
From forest depths, from city home and farm;
Patriotic Warfare. In Fancy's mirror saw them battling still,
At Concord, Lexington, and Bunker Hill;
And led by Washington where blood and tears
Told the dread horrors of succeeding years,
Our hero sires who stood the long campaign
Of starving camps, of death and battle pain,

Appeared and vanished like the shifting scenes
Of motion pictures on the lighted screens.
Then came a change, and trembling ocean spread
Above the crimsoned swards of quick and dead.
On sunlit billows I beheld anew
Our Early Navy. Our early navy passing in review.
Each oaken hull careening to the breeze,
With stately beauty cleft the rolling seas.
Before the prows I saw the billows break
White as the foam that followed in the wake;
From glistening sides perceived each polished gun
With frowning splendor flashing in the sun.
The sails like clouds of fleecy whiteness spread
From the clean tapering spars that bent o'erhead,
While limned with quivering glory 'gainst the sky,
On ev'ry ship our emblem fluttered high.
Those intermingled colors, red and white,
In radiant beauty glowed divinely bright,
Linked with the blazoned square of deeper hue,
Where stars were gleaming on the field of blue.
Through straining shrouds I heard the sea wind sigh
Like the sad wailing of a mourner's cry,
Or the low murmuring voices of the dead,
Who moaned for other days and glory fled.
Fighting Fleets. I saw the fleets when battle thunder broke,
And lightning flashing from the walls of oak
Hurled from the belching broadside's blazing breath,
The crashing iron messengers of death;
On gory decks beheld the boarders leap,
And reeling backward tumble to the deep,

Or swing the flashing cutlasses and strike
The foeman wielding the defending pike;
And red with blood was many a billow's crest,
Where shattered ships sunk silently to rest.
Onward with cordage taut and bending mast,
The phantom squadrons sped before the blast,
Till on the far horizon, dimly bright
They passed like fading shadows from my sight.

Prosperous Peace.

I saw Columbia when her wars were o'er
And Peace lay dreaming on her prosp'rous shore.
No martial armies on her plains were seen,
Nor watchfires gleaming on her mountains green;
Along her coast no foeman to repel,
Nor hostile vessels cleft the ocean swell,
And from the forts, once belching battle flame,
Borne by the winds no rumbling echo came.
My grateful eyes on ev'ry smiling plain
Beheld fair fields of yellow corn and grain,
While thriving towns and busy hamlets stood
Where late had flourished the primeval wood.

Westward Emigration.

I viewed the march of Progress, to the West,
The ceaseless tide of emigration pressed;
Where Mississippi and Missouri flow,
Beheld the smoking steamboat laden go;
While startled tribesmen heard with sullen gloom,
The pilot's whistle shriek the Red Man's doom.
On, toward the setting sun, across the plains
I saw the ox-teams draw the sluggish trains.
Through angry tribes and bloody trails they went,
Where murder lurked and savage war cries rent;

O'er barren wastes of alkali and heat,
Or the chill mountain pass of snow and sleet;
Though ev'ry path was marked by graves and tears,
Still westward moved the dauntless pioneers,
Until at last each weary eye surveyed,
Fair as a dream of Paradise displayed,

Bright California.

Bright California's hills and valleys fair
With rippling rills and blossom-scented air;
Where flow'ry meads were bathed in sunny light,
From Loma's point to Shasta's snowy height,
As Sol with glory sunk his glowing head
'Neath Neptune's sparkling waves of tinted red.
Amazed yet pleased I viewed each shifting scene,
The land of light and ocean's shimmering sheen,
When lo! the sunlit picture shaded grew,
From noonday turned to evening's dusky hue;
Dissolving fast was lost in deeper gloom,
And left me wond'ring in the silent room.

False Praise.

"Loved land!" I cried, "by Freedom ever blest,
Where Peace smiles sweetly on the toiler's rest,
And Wealth in slumber lays a fearless head,
Nor hears a voice with hunger cry for bread.
Land where the Ballot shows the people's might,
And ev'ry citizen has equal right;
Where Justice reigning in tribunals wise,
Dispenses righteous law with bandaged eyes;
Where tireless Industry through busy days
Beholds the wheel revolve, the furnace blaze,
And Immigration still its tribute pours
Of hardy sons from earth's remotest shores;

While Commerce sees her laden fleets depart
To bear our products to each distant mart,
Protected by a navy that can sweep
With steel-clad fleets unvanquished on the deep.
Could he whose image is this marble bust,
Return to life from sepulcher and dust;
Proud would he be to linger and survey
The great strong nation which he reared, today
With grateful eyes he'd scan the noble race,
The flag no tyrant's rule shall e'er disgrace,
And bless the day when sleeping Freedom woke—''

Interruption.

'STOP!' 'Twas an awful voice that near me spoke.
The air grew chilly and the chamber dark,
The gaslight flickered to a smoking spark,
And glowing coals that in the firegrate lay
Turned cold and shaded to an ashen gray.
Speechless I sat and shivering with fear,
Too scared to move though dreading danger near;
When lo! the bust had vanished, in its place

An Angry Phantom.

There stood a phantom with a wrathful face.
'Twas General Washington, around his form
Electric flashes played as in a storm,
And lit his features with a ghastly light
Which chilled the current of my blood with fright;
While the deep voice which seemed like thunder's roar
Thrilled ev'ry nerve and froze me to the floor.

A Rebuke.

''Stop, trembling wretch! nor thus insult my ear
With words which sickened Truth rebels to hear.

Prate not of Freedom, of 'the noble race,
The flag no tyrant's rule shall e'er disgrace.'
'Tis false! the nation which you deem so blest,
Is now by worse than tyranny oppressed.
Corruption reigns the monarch of the land,
And deals destruction with a deadly hand;
Lives in the courts, controls decisions there,
Where knaves prevail, and honest verdicts rare;
Thrives in each state with jobbery and stealth,
And swings elections with depraving wealth.
"See at the primaries where the factions fight,
Ballots Debased. How nice 'the Ballot shows the people's might.'
Once sacred instrument, presumed to be
The incorruptive umpire of the Free.
Belov'd and honored in our early day,
Our sons were proud its verdicts to obey.
No foul suspicion clung around it then
Of votes miscounted by designing men,
Nor brutal gangs of rascals sought to kill
Its issues rendered by the public will.
Now timid citizens recoil with fear
Of banded rowdies filled with fight and beer,
And round the precincts politicians scheme,
Precinct Sluggers. Whose hireling crooks and sluggers rule supreme.
The voter scans the polling place with dread,
Fearing a broken rib or fractured head.
His vote is challenged, if he dares reply,
Or face the challenger with fearless eye;
Some hoodlum's fist lands heavy on his face,
And he is kicked and bullied from the place.

There public guardians are too oft attacked
By scowling rascals by the bosses backed.
Thus at the primaries we perceive with pride,
How politicians rule our country wide.

Election Grafters.

"Next in conventions where the tools obey
The grafting boss who nominates for pay;
Where benches creak with delegated bums
Drawn from the bar-rooms and the city slums;
Each office-seeker bends the willing knee,
And pays the boss the stipulated fee.
Then chased by beggars he deplores his fate,
And hates the day his name went on 'the slate.'
Ward politicians at his heels are seen,
With whiskey loaded, calling for 'long green.'
There's money needed for the bosses' bars,
To 'gin' the henchmen and to buy cigars.
The sidewalk talkers who his name extol,
Must have their tribute from his shrinking 'roll.'
Hall rent is needed and he's often stunned
By large assessments for the 'campaign fund.'
At home he seeks seclusion and would rest
The weary head by politics distressed,

Church Grafters.

When lo! smooth gentry garbed in broadcloth fine,
Assail his ears with ministerial whine.
'Church-grafters' they, the clergy wise and sleek,
Who know the proper time largess to seek.
'Our church,' they say, 'has opened up a fair,
And would be pleased to have you visit there.
It also needs new organ and a bell
To vibrate music which will worry hell.

We must renew the steeple's faded gilt,
The altar paint and have an annex built,
And all the faithful would appreciate
Financial favors from the candidate.'
He gives, then from a new denomination,
Soon comes another grafting delegation.
This body asks him kindly to 'come through
And help the savages near Timbuctoo.
The holy missions in the heathen land
Are ever needful of a helping hand,
Where missionaries labor for the souls
Of graceless tribes which Satan now controls.
We know 'twould give you most supreme delight
To help the church and spread the Gospel right,
And if you're generous, will win the people
Who do the knee-drills 'neath our sacred steeple.'
Again he gives, they go, and next he hears
A vocal clamor which disturbs his ears.

Women Grafters.

Shrill females cackle with discordant roar
Of words and laughter as they rap the door.
A woman's 'piece-club' delegation, this,
Of matron heavyweight and buxom miss.
Strong minded lady each appears to be,
With mannish face from trepidation free.
They range around him and with language plain.
The need of money for their cause explain;
Portray the struggle of the Suffragette
For Woman's rights and trousers coming yet—
'Enough! Enough!' he cries with wild alarm,
And drops the backshish in each reaching palm.

Thus ev'ry day the grafting train pursues,
They cry: 'the sack!' he dares not to refuse;
And when election's o'er, the counting done,
Installed in office which was dearly won;
He thinks of inroads on his dwindled wealth,
And fills his losses by official stealth.

Buying Votes.

"At all elections we may now behold
Corruption working with insidious gold,
When ignominious corporations buy
The votes of wretches ever waiting nigh;
And purchased scoundrels to the booths are led
To cast the ballots at a price per head.
If such a course to win the battle fails,

Crooked Counting.

The crooked count too frequently prevails,
And scoring henchmen with conniving brains
Give beaten candidates dishonest gains.
Should swindled victims to the court appeal
To re-count ballots and the fraud reveal,
Dumped in the river by the knaves at night,

Removing Evidence.

The box and ballots are removed from sight;
Or burnt to ashes in convenient fire
By craven rascals who in crime conspire.
E'en though their base iniquity is plain,
Unjailed they revel in such crime again;
For when official scrutiny begins,

Judicial Whitewash.

Judicial whitewash covers all their sins,
And thus the rogues prevail and thieves delight—
'Land where the Ballot shows the people's might!'

Corrupt Legislatures.

"Look to the states when Legislatures meet,
What shameful scenes are gossip of the street!
There lobbying thieves and bribers go the rounds
With venal cliques of mercenary hounds.
Each bill prepared, the work of sordid brains,
Conceals some hidden scheme for lawless gains.
The plotting lobby could a tale unfold
Of secret bribing and corrupting gold;
Of cinch-bills fixed by Shame's ignoble pack,
And the wild scramble for the secret sack.
In vain may Honor weep, or Virtue plead,
With weaklings yielding to rapacious greed.
Corruption holds the reeking throne of vice,
And laws are made when boodle pays the price.

Congress.

"Though schemers thus the Legislatures curse,
Turn next to Congress where it may be worse,
And ugly rumors whisper now and then,
Of lurking lobby and of tainted men.
This to the world your President pronounced
With slight protest from hearers he denounced.
In vain the eye may scan the seats today,
Nor find a Webster, Jefferson, or Clay.
The ear may list and hear no voice again
To stir the heart as did the words of Blaine.
In many a seat which held a statesman once,

Party Hacks.

Are party hacks or chance-elected dunce;
Illiterate men by fool ambition led
To win the place which needs a wiser head.

Mark when they gabble on affairs of state,
The nervous tremors and perspiring pate;
The personal sally and the hot reply,
The flush of anger and the given lie,
And if unchecked they sometimes further go
With insult followed by a vicious blow.
Oft has the gallery jeered, the cynic smiled,
Fighting Members. When scuffling members have with blows beguiled;
Or weapons brandished with wild threats of gore,
Which rent the air from ceiling to the floor.
Yet there are times, 'tis said, when quiet reigns,
And peace falls gently on choleric brains;
When trusts are lobbying for some shady law,
Then hushed the valiant tongue and hostile jaw;
Again Corruption holds the golden sway,
And points the rule which subjects must obey.

Thrifty Senators. "Look to the Senate where the millionaires
In secret sessions fill the velvet chairs,
And thrifty sages with sagacious heads,
Behind closed doors tear Justice into shreds.
There friends of railroad and of steamship line,
Of Iron, Coal, and Timber-kings recline.
There Wall Street sees today, and has for years,
Obsequious servants of its financiers.
There ev'ry trust has servitors who make
Shrewd efforts ever for big business' sake,
While Mammon also leads the useless train,
And Wealth asserts its plutocratic reign.
Thus lordly Senators the country serve,
For princely salaries they ill-deserve.

Hopeless Toilers.

"Vain are the words with stupid pride expressed:
'Where Peace smiles sweetly on the toiler's rest!'
How can you such mendacity proclaim,
When millions grumble with industrial shame?
Throughout the braggart nation, in each state,
We ever hear the toiler curse his fate.
Small is the wage that compensates his lot,
And sad his dreams on slumber's restless cot;
While from the heart comes many a hopeless sigh
When hungry children meet his tearful eye.

Child Slaves.

Look to the mills of woven fabrics! where
Your puny child-slaves breathe the noxious air.
See the long lines of innocents before
The looms which rattle with distracting roar.
Robbed of the happy hours of childhood play,
Through tedious hours at heated frames must stay,
And when at eve they homeward pathways trace,
A toddling night-shift fills each vacant place.
Watch, if you be by such a scene beguiled,
The pallid features of each slaving child,
And ere the midnight's drowsy hour has fled,
Observe the sleepy eyes and drooping head.
Hark! on the night a cry of anguish peals,
A little hand is mangled by the wheels.
On with the work! scarce heard the cry of pain,
Another infant at the loom again,
To sadly toil until the morning light
Brings short relief before another night.
Forth from the heated mill, the little feet
Meet the cold blizzard with its piercing sleet.

Home reached, too tired to taste the scanty bread,
She seeks poor comfort of uneasy bed,
To dream of joys her wistful eyes have seen
When happier children frolicked on the green;
Of dolls and picture books and Christmas toys;
The simple pleasures which a child enjoys;
To wake with staring eyes and mental pain,
At the dread nightmare of the mills again.
Oft have the hapless children of the mill
Before the rattling looms been stricken ill.
In vain the use of medicine employed
Too late, for vital force by work destroyed.
The baby heart has ceased to tremble now
Before the frowning of the foreman's brow.
The Nation's Curse. With tiny fingers crossed upon the breast,
The murdered mill-mite finds eternal rest,
And the winds whisper round the moving hearse:
'Another victim of the nation's curse.'

"Look to the mines! the poison-breathing holes
With groaning thousands excavating coals.
There childish boys in tribulation dire,
Down dismal depths must labor with the sire.
The sire half paid in gloomy bondage swings
Mine Slaves. His ringing pick which bare subsistence brings;
Still slaving on, to discontent a prey,
Broods o'er unceasing toil and meager pay.
His sons in rags, his daughters poorly dressed,
His patient wife by poverty distressed;
The hovel rented for a dwelling which
He holds by suffrance of employers rich,

With haunting fear of ever-lurking death
By caves and floods or firedamp's fatal breath;
While reckless guards with murder's weapons stand
To club and slay when bosses give command;
Raiding Homes. To raid the homes when little children sleep,
And beat the mothers who protesting weep;
Eject the family, nail the door with rage,
When sire presumes to ask increase of wage.
He knows, each try for betterment suppressed,
How 'Peace smiles sweetly on the toiler's rest!'
The rich mine owners to warm parlors go
When miners' graves are white with mantling snow;
Meet o'er their steaming toddy and combine
To raise the price though freezing hosts repine,
And fireless thousands shiver in the chill
Of dreadful blizzards with the blasts which kill.
Still fuel trusts essay with cunning stealth,
To grab the coal beds of the commonwealth,
And recent scandals of connivance tell
With high officials who had served them well;
While Congress gave committees to apply
The whitewash brush and scrutiny deny.

Industrial Shame. "Yes, 'tireless Industry through busy days,
Beholds the wheel revolve, the furnace blaze;'
Blaze with prolific flame that swiftly brings
The jingling gold to labor-crushing rings;
Piles up colossal fortunes day by day,
While wretched toilers wear their lives away.
In lonesome attics with the midnight oil,
In sweatshops with unprofitable toil,

Or in the killing slave-dens of each trust
Complaining thousands labor with disgust;
And if the workers slaving in despair,
Appeal for better terms and treatment fair,
The harsh employers hear the plea with hate,
Close busy plants and let them hungry wait.
The Lockout. Thus comes the cruel lockout and the day
When savage passions hungry strikers sway.
Fight follows fight and Revolution dread,
With scowling malice rears its gloomy head.
In vain the scant policemen may essay
To curb the gangs in sanguinary fray.
Next on the scene, the soldiers' flashing steel,
And sabers cleave or wicked rifles peal;
Murder, Military. While Murder looks with red and gloating eye
When weeping Labor sees her martyrs die.
Thus thoughtless mortal, chattering with fright,
Does 'tireless Industry' our nation blight.
The time may come when crushers of the poor
May rougher punishment themselves endure.
The patient slave so long compelled to feel
The grinding pressure of the master's heel,
May from the dust with furious wrath arise,
And with wild vengeance all the world surprise;
May quench with blood, the raging fire of hate,
While children mourn the mangled parent's fate.
'Twas thus in France when 'heads rolled down the Seine,'
And may be so upon our shore again,
When down the highway rolls the crimson flood—
'The last arbiter of all wrongs is blood.'

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

U. S. Slaves

"Hark to the cry of growing discontent
From half-paid toilers of the Government!
From Plymouth Rock to California's main,
The nation's servants with disgust complain.
Not such as idle in luxurious ease
In higher offices where salaries please;
But humbler mortals who deplore their luck
While handling mail or pushing loaded truck.

Postal Workers.

Long have we heard the Letter Carrier's prayer
For salary ample for his family's care,
And justly too, the Railway Postal Clerk
Bewail his lengthened hours and killing work.
Ruled by some potent force behind the scene,
The scrimping nation views their plight serene.
Each new attempt at betterment is met
By polished edicts with insidious threat.
Superiors on concerted action frown,
And by intimidation keep them down;
While traction trusts that own the mail cars smile,
And reap the profits from official guile.

Robbed Consuls

"Thus with each troubled Consul who derides
The slender pay the Government provides,
When far away, the diplomatic game
Requires some function in the country's name.
From private purses each must pay direct,
The bills to bring his nation due respect;
While 'Uncle Sam' indifferent to their plight,
Rolls in his wealth and holds the purse-strings tight.

Naval Officers. "So with each Naval Officer, whose fate
To bear the burdens of his mighty state;
In distant countries mingle with the grand,
Returning beggared to his cherished land.
In time of peace to realms across the sea
Our warships go obedient to decree;
In friendly visits enter welcome ports
With cannon thunder of saluting forts.
Admiring eyes behold them from the shore,
Invite our sons and feast them by the score;
A welcome give with entertainment gay,
And ev'ry honor to our nation pay.
Our gallant mariners with native pride,
Proper Entertainment. Impelled by honor must returns provide,
And their good hosts to revelry invite
To banquet tables on the ships at night.
But 'Uncle Sam' alas! provides no means
Beyond the rations of salt horse and beans,
Nor sends his naval vessels o'er the brine
Supplied for festivals with stores of wine;
Not e'en mild 'grape juice' which the crews detest,
But now the tipple of each White House guest;
And so the officers who guide the fleet
Pass round the begging hat, the bills to meet.
They thus too often are compelled to pay
Expenses which the country should defray.
In ev'ry port where'er the vessels steam,
The hat is passed to make the 'eagle scream,'
Bankrupt Crews. And when for home the squadron's course is set,
Half of the crews are heavily in debt.

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

Immigration.

"Yes, 'Immigration still its tribute pours
Of hardy sons from earth's remotest shores.'
Dumped on the piers in motley crowds they come,
All Europe's surplus and all Asia's scum.
Look to the West! where California weeps
O'er slaves advancing on her golden steeps.
Long has she borne and sadly still regrets
The hordes of alien coolies which she gets.

Asiatics.

There China's people with persistence turn
To wrest the pittance which her children earn.
There Japanese in growing numbers tread,
And crowd her people in pursuit of bread;
While worst of all the Asian slaves depressed,
The heathen Hindoos menace all the West.
Brought from those lands where misery is rife,
And vicious customs taint the moral life;
Each yellow menial comes with smiling face
To cheaply take some poor domestic's place.
Though loud the West may clamor for relief,

Congressional Cowards.

Appeal to Congress and the nation's chief;
Unwise and heedless of the country's weal,
With hostile ears they hear the just appeal;
Postpone the issue, raise their hands with awe,
And flaunt the bogey of impending war.
War with a little nation, much too poor
To pay the war tax which they now endure;
Where ev'ry toiler in the empire groans
Beneath the burden of increasing loans.
Brave though they be, they'd curse the fatal day
When first war's rumble echoed in the fray.

This, well they know, and all the world beside,
Who see the bluffing and our course deride;
Point to our Eagle, spiritless and tame,
While shades of patriots sicken with the shame.

Deceived Europeans.

"Look to New York! where Ellis Island waits
For eager pilgrims thronging at the gates.
Still to our shores are immigrants decoyed
By steamship trusts, of conscience all devoid.
By stories false they fill each steerage berth
With buncoed victims from all parts of Earth.
Among the crowds are criminals released,
And shipped by grateful nations of the East;
Deported mendicants, as records show,
From realms rejoicing when their paupers go,
And ev'ry ship from hold to deck they cram
With mixed humanity for 'Uncle Sam;'
While Labor's legions see the crime, dismayed,
And unemployed in starving bands parade.

The Navy.

"Oh yes!" he cried, "our navy now 'can sweep
With steel-clad fleets unvanquished on the deep.'
No braver officers e'er gave command,
Nor finer crews behind the cannon stand,
And where our emblem quivers in the breeze,
It knows no master on the heaving seas.
And yet alas! how frequently we hear
Of jobbing contracts and of rumors queer;
Of open scandal and of hinted graft,
Linked with the fitting of a naval craft;

Tainted Rations.

Of ptomaine poison and of sick marines;
Of 'embalmed beef' or tainted pork and beans,
And sailors grumbling about rations when
They think 'tis better food for pigs than men.

"Oft have we heard complaining seamen speak
Of armored tubs with risky boilers weak,

Unsafe Ships.

And ships unworthy of the stormy wave,
Like floating coffins for an ocean grave.
And shortly since at San Diego too,
Exploding boilers killed and maimed a crew;
While brave men shuddered at each frightful scream
From comrades perishing in scalding steam.
Defective plates had yielded to the strain,

The Maine.

As some believed with our ill-fated Maine;
For none could tell, the dread explosion past,
What caused the sinking hull and toppling mast.
Indignant Spain denied the dastard deed,
Yet felt the sword that made her people bleed;
Compelled with war's red horrors to atone
For what they deemed our nation's fault alone.

Unwise Parsimony.

"Look to the country's navy yards, and there
See rusting vessels waiting for repair,
While parsimonious Congressmen deny
The needed funds and pruning-knives apply;
Penurious cut all items of expense,
With ports and commerce lacking in defense.
Our latest war may be but trifling play
Beside some struggle of a future day,

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

When our brave boys are called again to meet
Invading foes with havoc-spreading fleet,
Possible Results. And mighty ships on ocean's foaming swells
From blazing turrets hurl destroying shells.
An outraged country then may place the blame,
When useless forts and cities waste in flame;
O'er ruined homes condemn when 'tis too late,
The dolts who guide our crumbling Ship of State;
Too blind to heed a winning nation's law—
'In time of peace prepare for coming war.'

Lost Merchant Marine. "Commerce indeed beholds her 'fleets depart
To bear our products to each distant mart,'
But ships that bear them to the distant lands
Are foreign carriers with alien hands.
Doomed by our shiftless land to disappear,
And dwindling fast with each succeeding year,
Our merchant vessels which with bending spars,
In stately fleets once bore our flag of stars,
No more are seen with cleaving prows of white
And native tars whom ocean gave delight.
'Twas such who trained the frigate's shotted gun
In early days and Freedom's battles won.
Drawn from the argosies of Commerce, then
Our fighting vessels had no dearth of men;
Crewless Vessels. But now the navy ever waits for crews;
And 'stung' marines to re-enlist refuse;
Yet if the tars were treated less like brutes,
There'd be no scarcity of good recruits.

The Army.

"Look to the army where the sons of Mars
Enlist and worry like the bean-fed tars,
Where tyrants rule the manly spirits crushed,
And all complaints with penalties are hushed.
There many a soldier lured by promise fair,
Of ease and travel and paternal care,
Awakes to find the promises a dream,
And he the victim of a bunco scheme.
There men are jailed for trivial offense
By coxcomb graduates with little sense.
There menial duties and degrading work
Await the soldier which he dare not shirk;
With weary hours of never-ceasing drill,
Pumped full of pus, imagined germs to kill.
In many towns conspicuously placed,

Fooling Recruits.

Are posted bills with colors nicely graced.
They show the joy of military life
Devoid of carnage and unknown to strife,
And with seductive words portray the story
Of how enlisters rise to fame and glory.
Some well fed fellows eager thus to shine,
Leave good surroundings and for service sign;
And others too, good men by hunger led,
Resign their freedom for the warrior's bed.
Glad hands are given when they first apply,
And strip before the doctor's searching eye;

Examination.

While the shrewd man of scalpel and of lance
From head to toe gives scrutinizing glance.
No sign of blemish on the skin must be,
Worse than a simple mole or bite of flea.

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

The purest blood must circulate in veins,
With Spartan muscles and with normal brains.
Each must have proper height and girth of chest,
With stomach strong, tough rations to digest.
Pure morals too, the aspirant must claim,
With noble past and honorable name;
So when accepted, mortal eyes may scan
Apollo's beauty in each perfect man.
Next, unsuspicious of impending woes,
The new recruit to training quarters goes;

Vaccine Poison.

When lo! the sapient leech again appears
With vaccine poison which the soldier fears.
In vain the plea that never in his life,
He sickness knew, nor needed surgeon's knife.
'Tut!' cries the man of potions and of pills,
'Inoculation saves from future ills.
We men of science argue not with fools,
Be silent donkey! and obey the rules;'
Then gives the victim trembling with alarm,
The rotten virus in the healthy arm.
Next comes vaccina's horrors, dread malaise,
With restless nights and fever-stricken days;
A festering, sore, and badly swollen limb,
Cutaneous ailments with their tortures grim,
And evils worse to follow on with time
And curse the victim of the putrid crime.
Then when the patient feels decreasing pain,
And convalescent hopes for health again;
Looks to the future, puts his faith in God
To save from illness through his poisoned blood;

Alas! again his heart is filled with fear
To see the dread physician standing near.
A big syringe with needle point he holds
To thrust beneath the victim's dermal folds,
And filled with 'serum' to destroy the germ
Of typhoid fever which perchance may squirm.

Typhoid Inoculation.

" 'Good God!' the man exclaims, 'can't I be spared
Until I am with better health prepared?
With vaccination's ills I still perspire,
My limbs are covered with Saint Anthony's fire;
I've red eczema itching on my hands,
And swollen yet my axillary glands.
This from your filthy operation came
To wreck my health and make me blush with shame;
Yet with the vile syringe you haunt me still,
My aching form with serous rot to fill—'
'Hush!' says the doctor, ' it's the service rule,'
And stabs the pleader with the loathsome tool.
Should one brave boy have courage to refuse
The baneful 'shot' or pustulous abuse;

Jail for Refusal.

Quick to the jail dishonored he is sent,
Behind the bars to languish and lament;
Lament with comrades by courts-martial tried
In hushed tribunals with appeals denied;
While braided officers the rules may break,
And no confinement in the guard-room take.
Thus in the Army are enlisters hurt,
And people wonder why the boys desert.

Hawaiian Steal.

"Look to the sea, where Nature ever smiles
With spring eternal on Hawaii's Isles.
Earth's nations long beheld with greedy gaze,
That little kingdom with its coral bays;
But dared not seize the military key
To all our western coast and waters free.
When by perfidious treachery employed,
The reigning Queen beheld her rule destroyed,
And o'er those verdant isles and ocean blue,
Thrown to the winds our country's colors flew;
The least which rebel donors could expect,
Was that the new possessors would protect.
The robbed Hawaiians still the grab deplore,
While crowding Asians threaten on the shore;
And future foes those islands now survey,
With poor protection and an easy prey.

Philippine Wrongs.

"Look further west, 'neath Orient's tropic sun,
Where Filipinos weep o'er ruin done.
Their hamlets ravaged by destroying fires,
And children still bemoaning murdered sires;
Where lonely graves in tangled jungles deep,
The butchered victims of our soldiers keep.
True patriots they, who faced our lines of steel
And perished nobly for their country's weal.
Land of their birth! the only home they knew,
And dear to them was freedom as to you.
Brave Aguinaldo with a hero's pride,
The new invaders of his land defied,
And though subdued by overwhelming might,
They ask, in Freedom's name, if this be right.

A Mockery of Freedom.

"When first our nation in its early day,
Refused a monarch's mandates to obey;
Its patriot sons inspired by Freedom flew
To arms and battled with this aim in view:
To build a nation in the wondrous West,
A kingless refuge for the world's oppressed;
Where loved Democracy would rule alone,
And freemen proudly govern what they own;
Their Constitution's essence and intent:
All people governed by their own consent.
Now in this later day your children sing:
'From every mountain side let freedom ring!'
While in those sunny isles you still deny
The boon to others which you hold so high;
By tyrant force assert our country's shame,
And make a mockery of Freedom's name.

The Panama Theft.

"Turn to the South, where millions yet unborn
Shall hold our people in eternal scorn;
Tell of the Isthmus jobbery and speak
Of how a mighty state despoiled the weak,
And by nefarious treachery obtained
The prize which honest means might yet have gained.
Although their ports may profit by the deal,
Our southern neighbors disapproved the steal;
And yet alarmed, believe that some pretext
Our sons may seek to grab their countries next;
Behold our flag with undisguised dislike,
And curse the nation which they dare not strike.

The "Law of Right."

"There is," he cried, "In mighty Nature's plan,
A law conceived by higher source than Man;
Which throbs eternal in the heart of space,
Where rolling worlds their countless orbits trace;
For ages lived in unseen systems, far
Beyond the circle of the faintest star.
Placed in the heart by the Almighty Cause
Of all we see in Nature or its laws;
Wherever thought with lightning speed may go,
In skies above or troubled worlds below;
It yet shall live through Time's unending flight,
Loved by the just, the sacred 'Law of Right.'
This mighty rule condemns our action base,
And stamps the shame which time shall ne'er efface."

The phantom paused and glaring at me stood,
While chills went creeping through my stagnant blood.
The hollow eyes with raging fury blazed,
As on my shuddering form they sternly gazed.
The damp hair stiffened on my dizzy head,
As with a bitter tone he sneering said:
" 'Where Justice reigning in tribunals wise
Dispenses righteous law with bandaged eyes!'
These, trembling dolt! thy vaunted words, and yet,
Where is the justice which the people get?

Through the Ages.

"There was a time in ages gone, when Man
No written codes with studious eyes did scan;
Ere reason taught his undeveloped mind
To use the brain his heavy skull confined.

Half beast, half human, in the wild was seen
A shaggy savage of ferocious mien,
By instinct prompted with his weapons crude
To slay the animals which furnished food.
With the stone hammer sallied forth by day
And swung the crushing blow that felled his prey,
Then tore the game with claw-like hands and gave
His snarling children in the chosen cave.
With gutteral tones he shallow thoughts expressed,
At night a bed of leaves provided rest.
Thus with the sweep of time for eons went
Primeval Man with savage life content,
Till to his clouded mind at last there came
The dawn of reason with a higher aim.
Then to his uncouth hut he went, and left
For prowling beasts the cave and covered cleft;
Learned how to till the fertile soil and tame
The flocks he long had hunted as his game,
And with increasing herds he roamed the hill,
A skin-clad shepherd but a savage still.

Civilization.

"Through the dim depths of prehistoric times,
With passing nations that were red with crimes;
Where cruel tribes in gory battles met,
Or dreadful fanes with human blood were wet;
On, with each rolling age and cycle vast;
From stage to stage progressing still he passed,
Till through the murk of ages blood-accurs'd,
The bright'ning beam of Civilization burst;
Then from barbaric gloom and ruthless war,
There came the blessings of primeval law.

No tainted courts and juries then were found,
Nor legal tricksters did the laws expound.
Blind Justice then taught men to fear and feel
The darkened dungeon and the headsman's steel
And courts all fearful of the public's wrath,
Ne'er dared to swerve from Honor's pointed path.
All trial cases were conducted then
By honest judges and wise jurymen.
Dotard Juries. Now senile softies are as jurors sought
For ev'ry case in each tribunal fought;
Men in their dotage whom fine words can reach,
And swerved with ease by eloquence of speech.
With such as these the public often hears
How lawyers move 'the jurymen to tears,'
When jealous harridans have pistols plied,
Or modern Borgias are for murder tried,
And flaunted petticoat with woman's name,
From weeping boobs acquittals bring with shame.
Shame! in these modern and more polished days,
Few are the lips to murmur Justice praise.
Corrupt Courts. Our courts of law are reeking holes of sin
Where shysters wrangle with untiring chin.
There Justice shrinks recoiling in disgrace,
Sick from the felon jobs and tricksters base.
There grafters prowl and politicians lurk
Behind the scenes with execrable work,
And servile judges turn the willing ear
To give decisions for the 'pulls' they fear.
There too at times are shady jurors 'fixed,'
And talesmen's names in dirty scandals mixed;

While grieving litigants they've robbed behold
The verdicts colored with the glint of gold.
There judges oft with mimic wrath essay
To win the rabble by a crafty play;
Precede a sentence with a biting speech
And secret hope the voters' ears to reach;
While fools applaud as sages bow the head,
And cry: 'O Dignity! why have you fled?'

Legal Juggling.

"Look to the jail's inhospitable cage,
Where friendless rogue in misery may rage;
While the next cell in luxury contains
Rich knave who revels with his pilfered gains.
Observe them well, then follow on and trace
The different finish of each pending case.
The first to prison is at once consigned,
Severely sentenced by the judge unkind.
The next invokes the 'pull' with money backed,
And goes before a jury wisely packed.
Note how the case proceeds, the quibbling play,
The legal juggling and the long delay;
How tricksters drag each favorable straw
Through sinuous channels of the maze of law;
Contest each point with argument profound,
And gasping jurors with deep lore astound;
Delay the case till witnesses are dead,
Or bribed perchance, to other scenes have fled.

"Fixed" Juries.

Then when fixed jurors, careless of disgrace,
Return to hand a verdict in the case,

He's freed unless one honest man there be,
To 'hang' the jury, as we sometimes see;
If so, they will again the farce inflict,
Then turn him loose for 'failure to convict.'
If by rare chance the juries verdicts find
To send rich reprobates the bars behind,
How soon we hear the angry public curse
Reversal. When higher courts the judgments next reverse;
Or 'on probation' they with ease recline
Free from the felon stripes and cell condign.
Corruption triumphs with each battle won,
And Justice shivers when the shame is done.

Humiliating the Police. "Oft have we seen a public guardian true
Who wears the star and uniform of blue,
At midnight hours in bloody battle meet
A prowling robber on the darkened street.
The bleeding officer who battles well,
Soon lands the swearing villain in a cell.
Next at the bar ere many hours have rolled,
Before the winking court the tale is told,
Meanwhile the 'pull' is worked and it procures
The perjured evidence the court endures.
Howe'er apparent the deception be,
The case is fixed, the prisoner goes free.
The truckling judge to hide his cunning hand,
Gives the Police a stinging reprimand,
And the brave cop with heart unknown to fear,
Unjustly stung, departs while felons jeer.

Mob Violence.

"Our upright citizens have often blushed
At tales of lynchings which might well be hushed,
When raiding mobs in hours of night assail
And drag an untried captive from the jail.
Deaf to all pleas, the lawless lynchers take
The trembling victim to the dreadful stake;
Devoid of mercy chain with eager hands,
Apply the torch and heap the burning brands;
While dying shrieks re-echo on the night,
And shamed Columbia trembles at the sight.
For deeds like this, just punishment awaits
Within the pale of Satan's hopeless gates.
And yet perchance, such acts we'd ne'er endure
If crimes were punished and the courts were pure.
It is the gloomy ever-haunting fear
Of truth perverted and corruption near;

The Cause.

The dread that guilty scoundrels may avoid
Their just deserts by legal tricks employed,
That rouses savages with vengeful ire
To murder prisoners with noose or fire.
No land can be from violence exempt
When its Judiciary invites contempt,
And Law, the wise foundation of a state,
Becomes an object of distrust and hate.

Riparian Wrongs.

"From east to west our husbandmen complain
Of rivers stolen from our wide domain,
Where use of streams which God for all supplied,
Are to the planters on the banks denied.

They gaze distracted on the dying crop
When drought destroys, but dare not use a drop;
While callous men who hold the water-right
By tricks of law, stand mocking at their plight.
Thus year by year the 'common people' feel
Law's wrongs which harden with a heart of steel,
While brooding Anarchy with scowling hate,
Rebellion breathes and harshly mutters: 'Wait!'

The Constitution Is Killed.

"The Constitution, once our people's dream
To stand above all statutes most supreme,
Is now disgraced, its purpose set aside
By party jurists who in courts preside.
The Civil Service law, designed to cure
The spoilsmens' evils which we still endure,
Is but a howling farce, an empty boast,
And jest of partisans from coast to coast.
They find a way the pliant law to beat,
And place the henchmen on each thrifty seat;
Whose leading thought in ev'ry action planned:
'We serve to graft, the public good be damned!'
Now many a Federal bench is shrewdly filled
With corporation lawyers ably skilled.
Look up each judge's former course and see
How oft the trusts have paid the welcome fee.
Long trained by subtle craft, the law to twist,
And bring their masters predatory grist;
Now on the bench, though public hosts reprove,
Their judgments follow the familiar groove,

Which some decry with wrath and mocking sneer,
While winning trusts and corporations cheer.
Your Supreme Court, where nine great sages sit
Three hours each day expounding legal writ;
Like mighty gods, the nation's laws review,
To kill or favor as their heads construe.
Whate'er results their judgments may reveal,
The final verdict offers no appeal;
There's no redress, Democracy is dead,
A judge-ruled nation we perceive instead.

Negro Persecution.

"Behold the Negro! whose transcendent sin,
That Nature cursed him with a sable skin.
Deprived of rights the Constitution gives,
In name a freeman yet in fear he lives,
And persecution does his heart distress,
Which wakes resentment he dare not express.
Born 'neath the country's flag the same as you,
And loyal soldier in its battles too;
He gives allegiance to no land on earth
Before the nation which he knew from birth.
His heart like yours, wherever he may roam,
Is lit with sunshine by the thought of home,
And loves his cabin and its simple joys
With wife and daughters and his mirthful boys;
Like you in sorrow bows the mourning head,
And sheds the loving tears above his dead;
Bends pious knees and prays for peace in Heaven
To the same God that has to you been given.

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

"The startled viper gliding in the grass,
If undisturbed will let the trav'ler pass;
But pressed too close, will turn with venomed ire,
To strike with death and with the blow expire.
The patient Negro, conscious of his power,
May stand oppression to the hundredth hour;
The limit reached, may then with fury spring
And some atonement for his sorrow bring;
Strike with the gathered hate of painful years,
To ruin spread in recompense for tears.
God draws no color line, but gives to all,
His equal blessings on this cosmic ball;
And time with justice makes all evils right—
A Man's a Man, be color black or white!

Abused Indians.

" 'Lo, the poor Indian!' who with manly pride
Once roamed the monarch of the prairies wide.
Taught by our troops to curb his noble rage,
Nor tribal wrongs with scalping-knife assuage;
He also knows the pale oppressor's heel,
Though helpless now to wield avenging steel.
Robbed of the land his tribes for ages held,
His shelt'ring trees by lumber pirates felled;
His game which browsed in plenty on the plains,
Exterminated for the white man's gains;
To reservations' narrow limits tied,
And right to ramble at his will denied.
He hungry at the commissary waits
For scanty rations which his stomach hates;

Looks through the haze of coming time to trace
The mournful finish of his dying race;
Turns to his God beyond the setting sun,
And sighs for justice that will ne'er be done.

Forest Destruction

"Look where the forests stood and there perceive
The waste o'er which posterity shall grieve,
When future generations sadly need
The timber ravaged by the slaves of greed.
No leafy shades absorb the falling rain
To rise in vapors and descend again;
While scorching drought is common ev'ry year,
To kill the crops and vegetation sear.
Then when the storm succeeds, the heated mold
All hard and parched no welcome rain will hold,
And rising rivers bring their tales of woe
When inundations o'er the country flow.
And yet officials of the nation serve
The trust which blocks all measures to preserve;
In office kept by wealthy timber hogs
Who reap their tainted millions from the logs.
Of all rapacious trusts who now employ
Corrupting wealth which threatens to destroy;
The Oil or Sugar, Copper, Coal, or Beef,

The Greedy Lumber Trust.

For shameless greed, the Lumber Trust is chief.
This Truth attests while mem'ry brings again
A stricken city weeping in its pain.

San Francisco.

"See San Francisco, Regent of the West,
A sparkling jewel on Columbia's breast.

Robed with the glory of eternal spring,
The tourists ever of her beauty sing.
Her fragrant hills with palaces are crowned,
And homes, the fairest in the world abound.
The sunlight gleaming on each lofty spire
Outshines the glory of once mighty Tyre,
Nor Babylon could greater beauty boast,
Than this fair city of our western coast.
She sleeps in splendor and the ocean waves,
Her golden beach with crooning music laves;
The Earthquake. When lo! the temblor with o'erwhelming shocks
Like a mad monster with wild fury rocks;
Rends the foundation, flings the crumbling wall,
With crashing death when breaking buildings fall;
While from the ruins come appalling screams
Of victims mangled by the falling beams.
The flying crowds with horror view the scene
Of death and ruin they would gladly screen,
When coming fast, increasing terrors rise
With leaping flames ascending to the skies;
As cottage, palace, fact'ry, church and spire,
Go down before the rushing blast of fire.
From shaking hills unsheltered sons and dames
At night behold the ravage of the flames,
As block by block the fiery billows swell
With booming dynamite and glare of hell;
While the grim prospect of starvation near
Thrills many a timid heart with greater fear.
When quenched the flames and saddened thousands roam;
Through the gray ashes of each vanished home;

On wasted sites new dwellings rear again
To shield from summer heat or winter rain;
Robbed Citizens. 'Tis then the base exactions of the trust
Fills many a suff'rers heart with sad disgust,
To find the cost, a cabin then to frame,
Would build a mansion ere disaster came.

Lost National Pride. "Alas! no more with pleasure we behold
The native pride our people felt of old,
When first the eagle from its nested crag
Beheld the sun rays kiss our starry flag.
Then o'er the world, whichever way they went,
Our sons to be plain Yankees were content;
Observed the nation with admiring eyes
And spurned the honors which all courtiers prize.
Today we see them flocking from our ports
And meanly groveling at foreign courts,
An entrance to the royal circles seek,
American Toadies. Where laughing nobles view their fawning meek.
Who thus aspires a creeping fool to be,
Must first the Royal Tailor meekly see;
Who with sartorial skill his measure takes,
And gaudy suit of costly raiment makes.
The gorgeous coat of flaunting colors bold
Has tails with buttons made of burnished gold,
And sleeves embellished well with gilded braid,
With epaulets, and lace at wrists displayed.
The velvet knee-pants fit his thighs with grace,
And buckled ties his homely feet incase.

Neat silken socks the slender calves illume,
And empty head wears helmet and a plume.
A ruffled shirt with collar standing high,
And colored sash to please the royal eye;
With sword and scabbard dangling at his side,
An Ass in Disguise. Completes the donkey in the borrowed hide.
Thus garbed he pays some titled snob to teach
The way to fawn with proper lisp of speech;
For well he knows that nobles rudely snub
When lack of manners mock the crawling dub.
Then to receptions nicely coached he goes
And humbly scrapes the carpet with his nose.
Next with his wealth the rich plebeian tries
For favored glances of patrician eyes;
Buys an estate and frequently invites
To festive tables where his wine delights,
Till haughty Pomp, from outward scorn exempt,
At last receives him with suppressed contempt.
Thus fools in flunkeydom bad note acquire
And bring disdain to country and to sire.

Title Hunting Girls. "Our daughters also spurned the wooing once
Of titled profligate or noble dunce,
But now too oft the nation sees with shame,
The title-yearning of each wealthy dame.
On Europe's shores in poverty repine
Degenerate scions of the lordly line.
Each noble scapegrace when he first receives
The rich estate his buried father leaves,

Speeds the wild course along the path of vice
Where wine or women, or where games entice,
Till fled his wealth, his parents' names disgraced,
A Noble Beggar. His credit ruined and himself debased;
A helpless, friendless, mendicant he stands,
With soiled escutcheon on his thriftless hands.
Bright hope! a sullied title yet remains
To win some wealthy wench devoid of brains.
'Who buys a title and will wear a crown?'
Around the nations calls it up and down.
All Europe giggles, and with mirthful eyes
Shamed in Europe. Disowns the beggar and disdains the prize,
When lo! across Atlantic, gleaming fair
The Yankee dollar meets his hopeful stare.
To Freedom's coast he speeds with heart elate,
Where panting maids with witless heads await.
Down to the shore the wealthy ladies rush
In shameless haste while angry brothers blush.
Soon as the gangway falls, the vessel docked,
The beggar finds his progress quickly blocked.
Embraced in America. Each crowding lass his title would achieve
And jeweled hands are reaching to receive.
With lofty pride he kindly condescends
To touch the hand each giddy girl extends;
Flashes his crest while dazzled sisters gaze,
And cries: 'For sale! She takes it who best pays!'
Short the unholy war the maids have waged,
Time flies apace, Miss Moneybag's engaged.
Loveless Wedding. No hallowed love impels the pair to wed,
Nor breathes a blessing on their nuptial bed,

And when too late, the silly heiress finds
Her purchased prince the shallowest of minds;
A selfish wretch who married for the gain,
With loathsome habits which bring mental pain;
Whose gambling debts alarmingly increase
With drafts on bank accounts which never cease:
Whose orgies wild and boozy escapades
With shady strumpets or convivial blades,
Bring scandals which her fortune cannot hush,
To tinge her cheeks with shame's rebuking blush:
Then bowed with grief, the vicious noble's wife
A Ruined Life. Bewails the folly of her blasted life;
Shrinks from the scamp who stings her to the quick,
And owns her title is a gilded brick.

"And there are other Yankee maids who tie
With hungry lords of ancient titles high,
Who need financial aid to renovate
The crumbling castle of a poor estate.
With lavish hand the bride her fortune flings
To make the ruin suitable for kings,
Scorned Brides. And then, alas! her grievous lot to learn
How snobbish lords and royal dames can spurn.
She is a creature made of common clay,
Denied to mingle with the proud array;
At all receptions takes a lowly place
Far from her master with his lordly grace.
'Tis so decreed in antiquated rules
Arranged in olden times for titled fools.

His Lordship's veins pulsate with 'purple blood,'
And hers are throbbing with 'plebeian mud.'
This she is told at ev'ry courtly dance,
And sits alone when the patricians prance;
While glances cold from loveless husband's eyes
Betray contempt he cares not to disguise.
With anger, too, his tongue at times released,
Removes the polish and reveals the beast.
Unloved and lonely she laments her fate,
And learns her condign lesson when too late.

"Though speeding years increasing ills have brought
Since first your patriot sires for Freedom fought,
Still is the nation watched by haunting sons
Who met the foemen with defending guns;
But now behold with melancholy eyes,
Its crowding evils as they fast arise;
Survey the country's limits and bemoan
The nation's conscience petrified to stone;
National Turpitude. Deplore corruption, its attendant crimes,
And curse the turpitude of modern times.
Lost is a nation which alas! perceives
Its Legislatures hailed as banded thieves,
Who basely stoop to law-perverting plots
For secret lobbies and for boodle pots;
Who worship Mammon and with restless brains,
Are ever scheming for the grafter's gains.
And sad the land where politics prevail
With secret 'pulls,' and courts of law assail;

Where public rights are trampled ev'ry hour
By reckless rascals arrogant with power,
And public speech, of freemen's rights the best,
Is by the law's perversion oft suppressed.

Gambling Evils.

"Now money-mad the populace pursues
The lure of wealth which ev'ry mind imbues,
And jingling dollars which they love the best,
Their hope eternal and their ceaseless quest.
Steeped in the soulless anarchy of greed,
From birth to death the generations speed.
Led by the lust for gold they blindly plod,
Forgetful of the higher life and God.
A nation falls when piety departs
And gaming fever fires the people's hearts,
Who pleasing thoughts of speculation nurse,
With licensed gamblers scheming for the purse.

Stocks.

Now ev'ry day shrewd broker-thieves prepare
Nefarious plots the public to ensnare;
With worthless bonds and cheating stocks deceive
The fools who listen and their tales believe.
Now poolrooms thrive with ever-open gates
Where wily sharper for the victim waits,
And lives are wrecked in vain attempts to win

Racetracks.

At racetrack sinks of infamy and sin.
And gambling thrives in other ways, as well
The fortunes lost on pugilism tell,
When press and people brazenly proclaim
The brutal victors in the beastly game;

Pugilism. Make heroes of near-animals and sing
The praise of 'knockouts' in the bloody ring.
In private homes the gaming evil's worse
Where social parties trifle with the curse,
And midnight hears the rattle of the chips
When cards are played and losers' money skips.
Card Playing. There watching children sow the seeds of crime
For sorrow's reaping at a future time.

"Vice reigns supreme! on ev'ry side are seen
Drugs and Liquors. The slaves of liquor and of nicotine,
And patent nostrums deadly with cocaine
Augment the helpless melancholy train;
While morphine's sickly thousands none can save,
Go hollow eyed and wasting to the grave.
Your rum-shops too, crime's awful records swell
And whiskey lures along the path to hell;
While private entrances and wine allure
Your youthful victims to the dens impure.
Now cities on the bestial business thrive
And from the sin a revenue derive;
While maudlin millions to the bottle cling,
And hail 'John Barleycorn' their cherished king.
Wrecked Homes. Now many a home where happy hearts did dwell,
A tale of terror and abuse can tell;
Where drunken fathers shame the weeping wives,
And curse with misery the children's lives.
Good husbands, too, regret their wedded plight
And seek forgetfulness in clubs at night,

Smoking Women.

When festive wives depraved diversion get,
By mingling tipple with the cigarette,
And puffing like low harridans exhale
The vapors which turn decent servants pale:
Poor maids who wonder if the ladies gay
Desire to go the red-light woman's way,
As choked by filthy fumes they serve the beer,
And marvel what new vice will next appear.

Immodest Gowns

"Gone is the chaste apparel once beheld
On maid and matron in the days of eld,
When limbs were covered and the sister sex
With mannish yearnings ne'er did brothers vex.
We now perceive when 'ladies' walk the street,
The skirts divided, showing sockless feet,
And gowns diaphonous through which are seen
The nether limbs which decency would screen.
Now open breasts disclose the naked charms,
With necks uncollared and the sleeveless arms,

Painted Faces.

And paint and powder plastered on the face,
With penciled brows to give fictitious grace.
Though Virtue frown or Modesty reprove,
Each coming year they more of clothes remove,
And pious mothers for their daughters fear
As thoughts arise of fig-leaf garments near;
While laughing rakes the bawdy styles perceive,
And think how soon they'll dress like Mother Eve.

"Gaze where you will, we see on ev'ry side,
A sad deficiency of moral pride.

Immoral Dances.

Within Terpsichore's temples look and sigh
When vile suggestive movements greet the eye.
The charming minuet is seen no more
With graceful figures on the polished floor.
Instead, the 'Texas Tommy' is displayed,
And 'turkey trot' and 'bunny hug' degrade,
With many another soul-debasing dance
At which the moral blushing look askance.
Cheap nickel dance halls with the blare and joy,
At night sweet maidens from the homes decoy
Where ribald wretches waiting for the prey,
With spurious love lead innocent astray.
Soon winking law perceives them cringe in fear
To White Slavery.
Of brutish white slave masters ever near,
And brothels filled with fallen virtue show
How dance halls fill the underworld with woe.

"Turn next and view your Thespian temples, where
Gay Pleasure beckons to the footlight glare.
There vulgar jokes with ribaldry we hear,
And songs of lecherous tone disgust the ear.
Vulgar Plays.
The modern play to win success must show
A smutty woman of the world below,
Who shameless walks half dressed upon the stage,
With naked limbs and rants with mimic rage;
Portrays a scene of scandal basely rude
Where husband false is led by woman lewd,
Or taints a mimic hero's honored name
With cuckold wife who revels in her shame.
Such on the modern Stage wild plaudits win
And make the Drama prosper for its sin.

Demoralizing Reels.

"Worse in the Nickelodeons where the reel
Its scenes of crime and sordid shame reveal.
There on the screen do children oft discern
Pernicious pranks and disobedience learn.
There villains lure the home-deserting Miss
To warm embraces and lascivious kiss.
Eloping wives a bad example show
And husbands oft with wanton tempters go.
Defaulting clerks with women, wine and song,
In drunken trains with pictures move along.
Red murder there with pistol and with knife,
Is shown in hold-up and domestic strife;
While con men's tricks and burglar jobs impair
The minds of youth and for the jails prepare.
Thus generations to destruction rush,
While Satan smiles and shrinking Angels blush.

Tainted Fiction.

"Once in the columns of each magazine,
Inspiring themes of lofty tone were seen.
To decent homes as welcome friends they came,
With wholesome reading and no taint of shame;
But now good people notice with distress,
The prostitution of the vulgar press,
When prurient editors their pages glut
With shocking tales of literary smut,
As pandering to base instincts they beguile
With fiction coarse and illustrations vile.
Fresh from the press each new edition grinds
Salacious filth to poison youthful minds.

No script too racy and no thoughts too base
From 'noted authors' to be given space;
While bawds delight and nobler readers scowl
At sordid lines insufferably foul.
Thus vicious reading with its filth annoys
And day by day the moral sense destroys.

Degraded Art.

"Now Art divine, fair gift to mortals given,
To lowest depths of obloquy is driven,
And shameless lack of moral tone betrays,
Unknown to citizens of other days.
Gone are the pictures which were once belov'd
Of sylvan scenes where lovers fondly roved;
Of flow'ry meads where babbling brooklets flow,
Or cloudlands tinted with the sunset glow.
Now seldom artist on the canvas shows
The form of woman with respectful pose,
Nor modest groups which pleased the decent eyes
In other times and won the limner's prize.
Yes, ramble through your Art Museums where
The gaping throngs at hanging pictures stare.
Observe some painting of artistic grace,
With sacred subject or Madonna's face;
A glorious landscape or a fine marine,
Where heather blooms or foaming waves are seen.
Whate'er the subject, and however grand
The touch of genius from the artist's hand;
Few linger near them with admiring gaze,
Or justly give deserving meed of praise;

But look where walls display such subjects rude,
As fig-leaf wearers painted in the nude;
Show naked maids as Arab slaves forlorn,
A 'Sleeping Venus' or 'September Morn';
Or 'Summertime' where damsels on the grass,
In clotheless beauty idle moments pass.
These draw the crowds who view the painted charms
And rave o'er fine displays of legs and arms;
Crowd round the canvases with lecherous thought,
And vile suggestiveness with danger fraught;
While pale-eyed Virtue trembling with dismay,
Deplores the morbid taste and Art's decay.

Empty Churches.

"Look to the Church! where people now refuse
To bend in worship in the sacred pews,
And few the hearts that rapturously swell
With the sweet chiming of the Sabbath bell.
Instead, we see the pleasure-chasers gay
By millions desecrate God's holy day.
In speeding autos on the roads they fly,
Or at the ball games rooting rend the sky.
They go to races or to tennis courts,
To picnics, golf links, or aquatic sports;
Or with the gun Diana's devotees
Wake Sunday echoes in the forest trees;
While hordes of anglers by the stream or lake,
With rod and reel the Eighth Commandment break.
Thus fades Religion, which upheld the home,
Once when the Bible was the leading tome.

Then at the altar Matrimony's kiss
Was hailed the harbinger of future bliss,
When blest by unseen Angels from above,
Souls were united for eternal love.
But now too often in each stricken state
For little cause the judges separate,
And children weep at accusations coarse
When faithless parents struggle for divorce;
While broken homes and severed ties declare
The loss of reverence and lack of prayer.
When love of home decays and nuptial ties
No more are sacred, then the nation dies.

The Divorce Evil.

"Ten thousand ills our troubled eyes survey
To show corruption with destructive sway.
As time rolls on increasing dangers rise
Like lofty mountains to the gloomy skies,
Which soon, we fear, shall make the nation fall
As mighty empires went beyond recall.
'Twas thus with Greece, and Rome, and Carthage great,
As history's pages truthfully relate.
If thoughtful men would retrospective cast
A studious glance, they'd profit by the past,
And better sons might rise and bravely turn
The flood of evils which we now discern.
No land, however great, can long survive,
Where robbers rule and graft, and boodle thrive.
As well perchance, a monarch's rule again
With hand of iron and a tyrant's chain;
Than raise a godless and degenerate race
Which sordid greed and infamy debase!"

Growing Ills.

Hushed was the voice which thrilled my loathing ear
With words of biting wrath and tone severe.
He stood with folded arms and kind intent
As though the fury of his rage was spent.
A milder glow the stately shade illumed,
And smile, it seemed, the spectral face assumed;
While pitying glances met my glassy stare,
As trembling yet I clutched the creaking chair.
The storm still raged, a thunder peal that broke,
Suspended action of my mind awoke;
Then with an effort, by less fear distressed,
I gained my speech—the phantom thus addressed:

A Timid Reply.

"Shade of the one whose name forever rings,
The hope of helots and the dread of kings!
Better perchance, my trembling tongue be mute,
Than here attempt your charges to refute;
And yet, whate'er my fate, I loathe to hear
Invectives falling on my country dear.

Pessimists.

Our states are full of pessimists who curse
Columbia's soil, but came here from a worse;
And preach ideals which dissension spread,
To blight the country which supplies their bread.
'Tis well for such to close their lips with shame
And travel back to regions whence they came,
Or be compelled another home to find
Beyond the nation they've so oft maligned.
But when a native Yankee darkly scowls,
And joins the chorus of traducing howls;

Dilates on passing evils and believes
His birthland ruled by scalawags and thieves;
Forebodes rapacious mobs and severed heads,
With 'crimson flood' and havoc by the 'reds:'
Shade of the Mighty! I'm compelled to say,
United States is not for such today!
To me no hot tirade from man nor ghost,
Uncontradicted shall my country roast.

Calamity Howlers.

I spurn the base disaster-howling crowd
Whose bilious minds the future would becloud.
Like carrion vultures settling on the plain,
To feed on filth which cleaner birds disdain,
The men who only evils seek to find,
See naught but folly and to good grow blind;
But if with brighter thoughts they'd hap'ly turn,
Would many blessings at all sides discern.
The dreamer to his false ideal clings,
The wise meet facts and strive for better things.
Good lessons often may be found behind
The haunting bogeys of the boding mind,
And present ills, whatever be the names,
Should be the stimuli for higher aims.
This is a modern age, the breaking wheel,
'The darkened dungeon and the headsman's steel,'
Are gloomy mem'ries of the savage past,
Despised today and disappearing fast.
The awful gallows where the noose awaits

Legal Murders.

For legal murders when the law dictates,
Like ancient horrors for suppressing crime,
Shall also vanish with departing time.

Prison Reform.

Today the object of the prison pen
Is not to torture, but make better men;
To lift the fallen and with kindness teach
Misguided ones a higher plane to reach,
And the probation which you satirize
Has proved successful policy and wise;
While many a heart reformed has looked to Heaven
With thanks to God for just probation given.

"How strange appears the change which time has made
Since here in life your wisdom was displayed!
For hist'ry shows you as a statesman great,
Of kindly nature and of mien sedate;
Who loved his fellows, and by them beloved,
Ne'er stooped to anger nor with wrath reproved;
But calm and dignified, life's journey went,
As soldier, citizen, and President,
And patriots since beside the tomb have wept,
And pilgrims bowed with rev'rence where you slept.
Now thus inveighing with unseemly rage,
Your words belie the print on hist'ry's page.
Instead of harping on the ills we know,
How to remove them 'twould be wise to show.
All men are human and we can't expect
Angelic traits in mortals we elect,
And if among them there perchance may be
A few who truckle for the briber's fee;

Dangerous Policy.

'Tis dangerous policy to hold to view
All public servants as a grafting crew,
For good officials have the country served
Through years and ne'er from faithful duty swerved,

And better far to knocking censure halt
And boost the nation, not expose each fault,
In ev'ry land the critics magnify
Each current evil which small minds descry,
But ours are trivial compared beside
Civic Liberty. The civic liberty our states provide.
'Tis by slow steps, O Shade of Hero great!
With flying years, men governments create.
Ours is yet young, the errors of today
In Time's great crucible shall fade away,
And though the world with searching eyes we scan,
No better country can be found by man!

Europe Compared. "Glance o'er the realms of Europe and compare
Our land of plenty with oppression there,
Where mighty armies prop each shaky throne,
Starving Asians. And civic freedom is a thing unknown.
To Asia turn where races cry for bread,
And slaves with pestilence and famine tread;
Where niggard nature scanty produce yields
When starving millions till exhausted fields.
Look to the heart of Africs' torrid wild,
Where Negro mother flees with screaming child;
African Slavers. While night re-echoes with the loud halloos
Of Arab slavers with the ruthless crews.
Gaze where you will in latitude or zone,
There is no land as happy as our own.
I proudly claim the country of my birth,
The fairest spot of freedom on the earth;

The cradle of Democracy, where first
The light of Liberty with glory burst,
But as you see it otherwise and fear
A falling nation with disaster near;
Can you not now a remedy suggest,
The apprehended danger to arrest?
A spirit coming from the realms of light,
Perchance is gifted with a prescient sight;
If so, no longer of disaster prate,
But point the way to guide our Ship of State."

Renewed Wrath.

I paused and gazing with expectant eye
At the tall ghost awaited a reply.
It came, my words again awakened ire,
The eyes blazed on me with vindictive fire,
The voice with fury's accents harshly pealed,
And thrilled with horror as my blood congealed.
"Our Ship of State," he roared, "no more defies

Our Ship of State.

The storms that gather in the frowning skies!
But stranded fast on ruin's dismal shoals,
The crumbling hulk in desolation rolls;
While through her open seams the moaning blast
Wakes doleful echoes of her hopeful past.
Along the keel where turbid waters sweep,
The worms of graft in myriad numbers creep,
And slimy reptiles in the gloomy hold
Are ever searching for the spoilsman's gold.
The stately spars and sails with bracing ropes,
Have long since vanished with the patriot's hopes,

And on each link of cables red with rust,
Is branded now the trade-mark of a trust;
While grim Corruption stalks around her deck,
The gloating monarch of a mournful wreck.

"Dark are the perils I have shown, and worse
Are crowding still our commonwealth to curse;
Yet you of trembling form and glassy eye,
Dispute the truth and gloomy facts deny.
Look home, dull fool! nor talk of Afries' 'wild,
Where Negro mother flees with screaming child.'

A Georgia Horror.

To Georgia glance, where fiends in human shape,
Attack the jail lest innocence escape.
A planter slain, the murderer unknown,
Four colored people in a cell are thrown.
One a poor girl of scarcely twenty years
Proclaims her innocence and pleads with tears;
Appeals to Jesus with a gasping cry,
As the rope tightens and she swings on high,
And Bertha Hathaway with murdered three,
Shot full of holes are hanging on a tree.
No 'Arab slavers with the ruthless crews'
Would stoop to such demoniac abuse,
And hell's tormentors from such deeds would shrink;
Nor fall to depths where Southern lynchers sink.
But down in 'Dixie' 'tis a pleasant dream
To hang the Negro on the branch or beam.

Savage Deeds.

There whitecap mobs with nightly crimes annoy,
And burning homes their savage hearts enjoy.

There deadly rifles in the mountains crack,
And feudists die with bullets in the back.
There girls are taken from their beds and stripped,
While cowards linger and behold them whipped;
This by official of a legal court,
So says the press and truthful the report.

A Kansas Shame.

The same in Kansas where a sleeping maid
Is dragged from bed, her nakedness displayed.
Beside the road, the girl for mercy cries,
While callous rascal filthy tar applies;
Then coat of feathers on the tar does press,
And leaves her weeping in her dire distress.
This too by 'leading citizens' is done,
While watching reprobates enjoy 'the fun.'
And still you claim 'the country of my birth,
The fairest spot of freedom on the earth.'
Ah yes! the country is a glorious place
Where deeds unpunished such as these disgrace.

Massachusetts Outrages.

"Look next to Lawrence of the 'Old Bay State,'
Where strikers starve and troops intimidate.
There harmless men are by militia kicked,
Clubbed with the gun-stocks and with bayonets pricked.
There moaning mothers are denied the right
To send their children where the friends invite,
While courts approve when hired assassins beat
Defenseless women picketing the street;
And jails are filled by misdirected law,
To smother Freedom and to overawe.

This in a state where natives point and tell
Of Bunker Hill and patriots who fell.
Hateful Militia. Each state's militia now like tigers wait
To slay their brothers with exulting hate.
At Colorado's mines, Virginia's too,
The nation reels from recent horrors true;
Of martial crimes, of children beaten, girls
Exposed to shame by military churls.
Outrageous wrongs! the mem'ry shall remain
To link the name of Freedom with disdain.
The Ludlow Horror. Your 'Ludlow Horror' ne'er shall be forgot,
Where sinless babes were by militia shot,
And death relentless from machine-guns swept
Through village homes where starving mothers wept.
Dread scene of hellish deeds, destroying flames,
Of reckless pillage and insulted dames;
By soldier fiends impelled by lust for blood,
And clothed with power to murder as they would.
If such your boasted 'civic freedom' shows,
Blest is the nation when such freedom goes!

"Yet more, thou shrinking wretch who loathes 'to hear
Invectives falling on my country dear;'
Survey the spreading ranches and behold
The yellow harvest fields of waving gold,
Where willing citizens see hope destroyed
By Asians cheap and Mexicans employed.
Their help rejected, dubbed as worthless tramps,
Called 'hardened rogues' and 'predatory scamps;'

Down dusty roads in labor-quest they roam,
With waiting wives in penury at home;
Or jailed as vagrants and by law compelled
Legalized Bondage. To serve long terms in contract bondage held;
Then rearrested and condemned to please
Officials looking for dishonest fees.
A hapless land! as other wrongs attest,
Like 'hopfield riots' in your 'Golden West,'
Where men and women are abused like dogs
In filthy quarters and are fed like hogs;
Then shot by officers when they decline
To take the level of employer's swine;
While still the steamships from all nations bring
Increasing numbers for starvation's sting.
How can you say, 'in latitude or zone
There is no land as happy as our own?'

California Infamy. "Here is another infamy which mocks
The name of Liberty and Honor shocks;
Which Shame rebukes while staggered Justice weeps,
And crouching Anarchy resistless creeps:
See San Diego where the heart rebels
When crimeless orators are thrown in cells;
There kicked and bullied, slapped upon the face,
By salaried rascals paid to keep the peace.
No shame too great, no vile abuse too low,
Upon the helpless prisoners to bestow.
Craven Vigilantes. Next handed to a craven gang of men
Called 'vigilantes' who abuse again.

Officials laugh at victims' vain protests
When guns are pointed at their heads and breasts;
Then miles away in automobiles ta'en
And dumped in squads upon the desert plain;
There by the armed poltroons again debased,
Cursed, punched, and choked, and tar and feathers pla
With degradation given without stint,
Too black to whisper and too vile to print.
All for the reason that they dared to preach
For rights of citizens and public speech.

Brooding Anarchy.

"No wonder victims of such heinous wrong
Wave the red flag and swear to love it long;
Hurl execrations at Columbia's head,
'And preach ideals which dissension spread.'
These are the acts of cruelty which grate,
And sear the spirit with the fire of hate.
Hate which arouses anarchy and brings
The fall of nations and the death of kings.
'Twas not for this on battlefields of death,
Your brave forefathers faced the cannon's breath.
Bright Freedom! then our guiding star of light,
Impelled the bullet and inspired the fight,

Suppression of Speech.

And in our Constitution 'twas expressed
That public speech should never be suppressed.
Now hated well by plutocrats who fear
The dreaded storm that ever hovers near,
They, mighty wealth and wicked force employ
To kill the little freedom you enjoy;

Would crush the hearts of altruists who claim
Their lawful rights by Freedom's sacred name,
And from this land, to monarch's rule unknown,
Would banish Liberty and raise a throne.
A throne which hovers like a specter dread
Kingly Presidents. And wished for by each presidential head,
Who oft beyond their limitations go,
Usurping powers which only monarchs know.
Yes, turn to Panama and there behold
The eagle yielding to the lion bold.
Our wealthy nation built at great expense,
The highway needed for its own defense,
Canal Tolls. And Congress made wise laws to bring again
Our vanished merchant ships on native main.
But Albion frowning o'er the distant sea,
To this objects and gives the stern decree:
'No Yankee commerce shall have favors shown,
Unless the same are granted to my own!
No Yankee warships through the cut shall go,
If they no full receipts for tolls can show;
Nor laws be made, the mighty ditch to rule,
Without the acquiescence of John Bull!'
England's Wish. 'Twas thus in substance that Great Britain spoke,
Columbia heard and hailed it as a joke;
When lo! the nation then disgusted sees
Its nerveless leader falling to his knees.
To Congress next with needless haste he flies,
And what he once approved he now decries;
Points England's wish with reverential awe,
And urges members to repeal the law.

His will upheld by corporation tools,
He plies the birch like pedagogues in schools,
And party measure of his rule they make,
Which all must follow for the party's sake.
E'en though the country echoes with protest,
By shallow partisans the bill is pressed,
And shamed Columbia shudders as she hears
All nations echo with derisive jeers;
While steamship trusts and railroad kings applaud
A Stupid Flop. The senseless flop to England's sceptered lord.
Thus, forcing Congress, Presidents assume
Monarchial rights, presaging Freedom's doom;
While patriot pride and independence flies,
As year by year the Constitution dies.

"Look last to Mexico where ceaseless strife,
With loot and pillage is the bane of life.
A shameless nation and degraded race,
Bloody Mexico. Whose bloody deeds all humankind disgrace.
There history shows since Montezuma's time,
A crimson record of revolting crime;
Of military murders, peon slaves,
And tyrants gloating o'er their victims' graves;
Where lawless bandits rule each petty state,
And ev'ry heart is charged with 'Gringo' hate.
Lo! 'revolution' shakes her burning hills,
And all the world with breathless horror fills,
When cutthroat bands of savage troops engage
In fiendish acts of wanton villanage.

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

European Protest.

Shocked Europe sees her subjects slain and scolds,
Yet intervention with her troops witholds;
Points to the hated Doctrine of Monroe,
And bids Columbia feed the carrion crow.
Our 'watchful waiting' President awakes,
With armored fleets a demonstration makes,

Vera Cruz.

And 'blood and thunder' down at Vera Cruz,
Observed with wonder does the world amuse.
Millions of money most unwisely spent,
Dead 'heroes' home to 'graves of glory' sent,
And all the gain from troops or cannoneer—
Not worth a mother's wail or father's tear.

A Foe Forever.

"A foe forever by our nation's side,
That land shall be, with enemies allied.
Sign pacts of peace, make treaties as you will,
Her states shall reel with revolution still.
They cannot govern, as is shown by years
Of savage butchery and floods of tears,
And blood will flow with rivers running red,
Until the last mad Mexican is dead.
By Mexics' acts your Monroe Doctrine yet,

Future Regrets.

Perhaps too late, may curse you with regret.
Already hints of ceded bays we hear,
To Asian realm with cruisers lurking near;
Yet look to Congress where the members doze,
Deaf to the growling of encroaching foes.
There Dullness reigns and prescience is unknown,
While Folly leads each shallow head of bone.

Long have they wrangled with abusive lips,
O'er naval budgets and the need of ships;
In party squabbles o'er each vessel fought,
While owning scarcity with danger fraught;
Selling the Navy. And now when needed most, ye Gods of War!
What means the passage of a senseless law?
They rob our nation of its dreadnaughts great,
Our naval secrets give a foreign state;
Blind to all omens hug illusive Peace,
And vote to sell our fighting ships to Greece.
Our great canal, from sea to sea complete,
May need protection of a mighty fleet,
A Crime. And deed like this performed at such a time,
Is stupid folly and colossal crime.
Whate'er the motive of the shameful act,
Or who may profit by the dang'rous pact;
If people reckless Congressmen elect,
What else but folly can the land expect?

The Coming Storm. "Now list! thou mortal thing with matted locks,
And clammy head which nervous terror rocks.
'Tis true, 'returning from the realms of light,'
We shades are gifted with previsive sight,
And looming o'er our country, can descry
The clouds of doom unseen by mortal eye.
Like distant thunder ere the storms descend,
We hear the sounds which anarchy portend.
Not mine the wish prophetic to portray
Terrific horrors of the awful day,

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

When rising rebels with resentment dire,
Mad murders wreak and spread destroying fire;
Or paint the fury of rude mobs that rage,
Their vengeance glut, and lust for blood assuage;
While raucous howls of savage anger swell
Like horrid echoes from the depths of hell.
Not such my wish! yet sure as planet turns,
Or Sol with blazing light each morn returns;
Our nation soon must face the coming storm,
Reform. Or change conditions by supreme reform.
The land is weary of Corruption's sway,
Of ruling trusts and plutocrats who prey;
Of politicians who've outlived the times,
With records foul of trickery and crimes.
Women Voters. The votes of WOMEN will our states redeem
From crimeful politics and grafting scheme!
'Tis time to give the mothers of our race
The right of suffrage, 'tis their proper place
They suffer most, with sorrow pay the price,
When victims stumble in the snares of vice.
Enough of such with patriotic men
Columbia holds to bring reform again.
They'll find a way with ballots to create
The new conditions which will wrongs abate,
With nobler hearts who scorn official pelf,
And love of country paramount to self.
Next, best and brightest of all hopes to save
The nation sinking in Corruption's wave;
Stop Immigration. STOP IMMIGRATION! greatest cause of all
The discontent and evils which appall;

A treason-breeder in each troubled state
Which feeds the fires of anarchistic hate;
The curse of starving workers, but the joy
Of corporations who the slaves employ.
There are too many hungry people now,
Who tramp with idle hands and gloomy brow;
Bewail the lack of labor and deplore
The crowding influx from each foreign shore.
This evil stopped, presages better times,
With loyal workers and decrease of crimes.

A Final Warning.

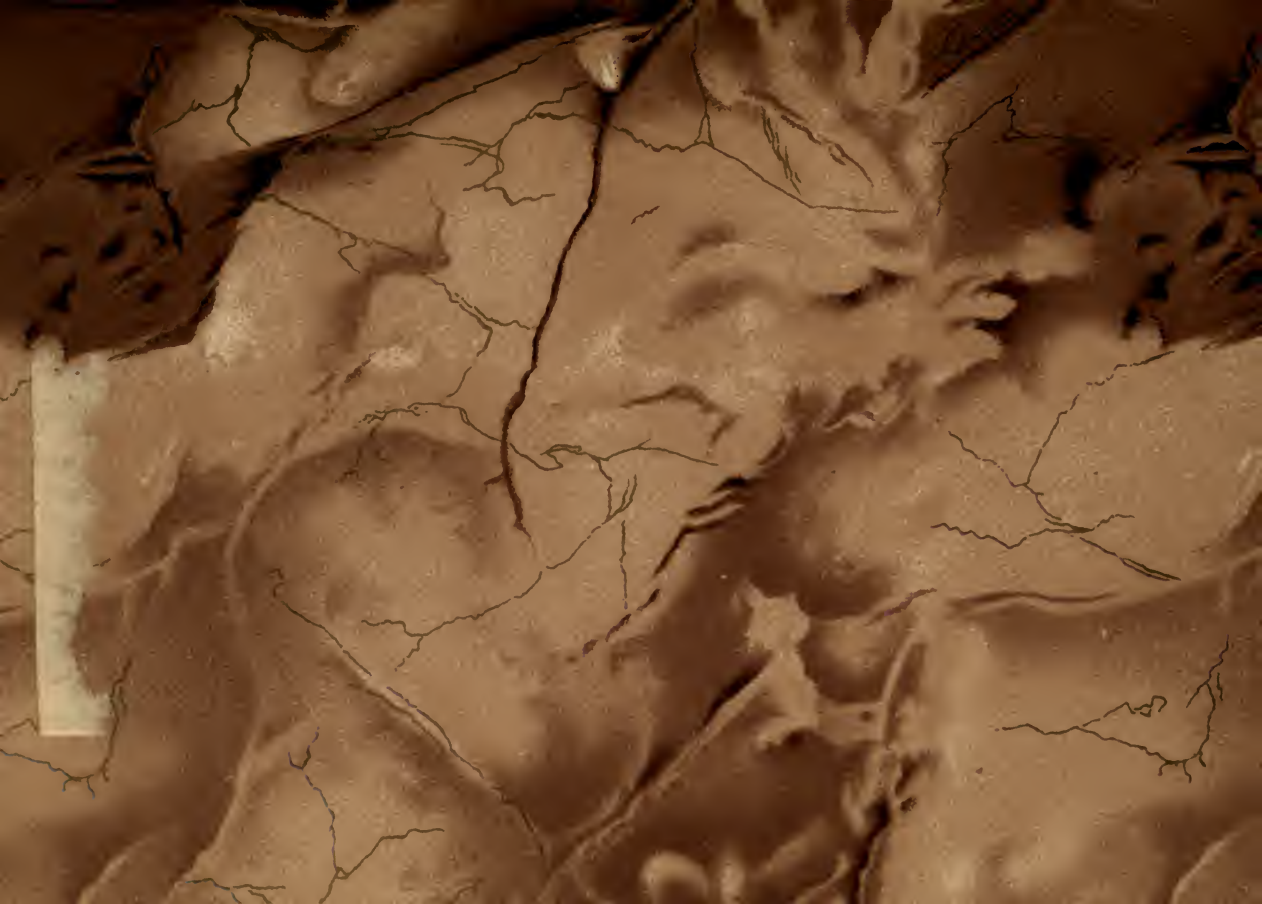
"Now hear my final words before I go,
And heed the fateful warning I bestow.
Go! Tell again the rule with wisdom rife,
Once made by Washington in mortal life,
And let no shallow hypocrite arise
To blind with sophistry the nation's eyes.
Since first our nation rose, it has observed
The rule which has from monarchy preserved,
And well maintained as rulers came and went:

Two Terms the Limit.

'TWO TERMS THE LIMIT FOR EACH PRESIDENT!'
This I advised, a monarch's crown repelled,
And patriots since, my wisdom have upheld.
One term with glory gilds an honored name,
And two should cover with enduring fame.
But should there be one with expanded head,
By ego blinded and ambition led,
Who twice was honored yet aspires again
With brazen face the office to attain;

THE WRATHFUL PATRIOT

Plays to the rabble, from the rostrum speaks
Of curing ills with legislative freaks,
And hails himself a new Messiah, sent
To save the land as third term President;
Then cursed the hollow heads with little sense
Who heed the demagogue of vile pretense,
And cursed forever be the fatal hour
When such a parvenu is given power!
Then comes the first dictator, Freedom goes,
Next martial rule with military woes,
And soon the traitor monarch's rule acquires,
While Treason smiles and Liberty expires!
"Now you!" he cried, advancing in his wrath,
As though to seize and hurl me from his path;
While midnight echoed with my fearful scream,
When I awoke, to find it was a dream.



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